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The Trey O'Hearts

(Continued from Third Page.)

all but her heart: too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave her, nor I him. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us. In Wall Street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central Park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East Drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high-speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived to be only what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son back to their ancestral home of some common element—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me. Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a Trey of Hearts; it was my death-sigh for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a 'Trey' of Hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve.

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great, the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent. I ceased to persecute mother and son, lulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rome I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I could trust.

"I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of me but my brain. It fell out as I foresaw. You can imagine the scene of passionate renunciation—pledges of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him a single rose—the birth of a great romance!"

The old man laughed sardonically. "Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is in your hands."

The girl bent forward, breathing heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"What is it you want of me?"

"Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. But alive, if you can manage it; I wish to see him die. Then I can marry the content."

The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore—"dead or alive, you shall have him here."

III—THE TRAIL OF TREACHERY.

But young Mr Law was sole agent of his own advancement; just as he was nobody's fool, least of all his own. The hidden meaning of the Trey of Hearts perplexed him; in such distrust that before leaving London, he dispatched a code cablegram to his confidential agent in New York.

"What you you know about the Trey of Hearts? Answer immediately."

The answer forestalled his arrival in Liverpool:

"Trine's death sign for your father. For God's sake, look to yourself and keep away from America."

But Alan had more than once vis-

ited America incognito and unknown to Seneca Trine via a secret route of his own selection.

Eight days out of London, a second-class passenger newly landed from one of the C-P steamships, he walked the streets of Quebec—and dropped out of sight between dark and dawn, to turn up presently in the distant Canadian hamlet of Hale St. Paul, apparently a very tenderfooted American goods-traveler chaperoned by a taciturn Indian guide picked up heaven-knows-where.

Crossing the St. Lawrence by night, the two struck off quickly into the hinterland of the Notre Dame range, then crossed the Maine border.

On the second noon thereafter, trail-worn and weary, as lean as their depleted packs, the two paused on a ridge-pole of the wilderness up back of the Allagash country, and made their midday meal in a silence which, if normal in the Indian, was one of deep misgivings on Alan's part.

Continually his gaze questioned the northern skies that loomed portentously, foul with smoke—a wide conflagration that threatened all northern Maine, bone-dry with drought.

Only the south offered a fair prospect. And the fumes were making southward war faster than man might hope to travel through that grim and stubborn land.

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh columns of dun-colored smoke spring up in the northwest.

Anxiously he consulted the impassive mask of the Indian; from whom his questions gained Alan little comfort. Jacob recommended forced marches to Spirit Lake, where canoes might be found to aid their flight; and withdrew into sullen reserve.

They traveled far and fast by dim forest trails before sundown, then again paused for food and rest. And as Jacob sat fiddly about preparing the meal, Alan stumbled off to whip the little trail-side stream for trout.

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream, the back-lash of a careless cast by his weary hand hooked the state of Maine. Too tired even to remember the appropriate words, Alan scrambled ashore, forced through the thick undergrowth the masked trail; found his fly, set the state of Maine free—and swinging on his heel brought up, nose to a sapling, transfixed by a rectangle of white pasteboard fixed to its trunk, a Trey of Hearts, of which each pip had been neatly punctured by a .22-caliber bullet.

He carried it back to camp, meaning to consult the guide, but on second thought, held his tongue. It was not likely that the Indian had overlooked an object so conspicuous on the trail.

So Alan waited for him to speak—and meantime determined to watch Jacob. As he narrowly, though no other suspicious circumstance had marked the several days of their association.

The first half of the night was, as the day, devoted to relentless progress southwards; thirty minutes of steady jogging, five minutes for rest—and repeat.

No more question as to the need for each urgent haste: overhead the north wind muttered without ceasing; thin vells of smoke arched through the forest, hugging the ground, like some weird acid mist; and ever the rattled heavens glared, livid with ruffled fires.

By midnight Alan had come to the bounds of endurance; flesh and sinew could no longer stand that strain. Though Jacob declared that Spirit Lake was now only six hours distant, as far as concerned Alan he might have said six hundred. His blanket once unrolled, Alan dropped upon it like one drugged.

The sun was high when he awakened and sat up, rubbing heavy eyes, stretching aching limbs, wondering what had come over the Indian so far from his sleep so late.

Of a sudden he was assailed by sickening dizziness; he needed only the briefest investigation to confirm Jacob had absconded with every valuable item of their equipment.

Nor was his motive far to seek. Overnight the fire had made tremendous strides. And ever and anon the wind would bring down the roar of the holocaust, dulled by distance but not unlike the growling of wild animals fed on their kill.

Alan delayed long enough to swallow

a few mouthfuls of raw food, gulped water from a spring, and set out at a dog-trot on the trail to Spirit Lake.

For hours he blundered blindly on, holding to the trail mainly by instinct. At length, panting, gasping, half-blinded, he staggered into a little natural clearing and plunged forward headlong, so bewildered that he could not have said whether he was tripped or thrown; for even as he stumbled a heavy body landed on his back and crushed him savagely to earth.

In less than a minute he was overcome; his wrists hitched together, his ankles bound with heavy cord.

When his vision cleared he found Jacob within a yard, regarding him with a face as immobile as though it had been cast in the bronze it resembled.

Beyond, to one side, a woman in a man's hunting costume stood eyeing the captive as narrowly as the Indian, but unlike him with a countenance that seemed aglow with a fierce exultancy over his downfall.

But for that look, he could have believed hers the face that had brought him overseas this mortal pass. Feature for feature, even to the hue of her tumbled hair, she counterfeited the woman he loved; only those eyes, aflame with their look of inhuman ruthlessness, denied that the two were one.

He sought vainly to speak. His breath rustled in his prached throat like wind whispering among dead leaves.

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, the woman knelt in his place by Alan's head.

"No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head—"no, I am not your Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her twin, born in the same hour, daughter of—can you guess whose daughter? But see this!" She flashed a card from within her hunting shirt and held it before his eyes. "You know it, eh? The Trey of hearts—the symbol of Trine—Trine, your father's enemy, and yours, and—Rose's father and mine; so, now, perhaps you know?"

A gust of wind like a furnace blast swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over her shoulder into the forest, and signed to the Indian.

"In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre."

She stepped back, Jacob advanced, picked Alan up, shouldered his body, and strode back into the forest. Ten feet in from the clearing he dropped the helpless man supine upon a bed of dry logs and branches.

Then, with a single movement, he disappeared.

(To be continued.)

At The Theatres

Bijou Theatre.

McCullough & Bristol have secured the services of the Norvue St. Clair Dramatic Stock Co. for another week. After much negotiating with the United Booking Office, the route of this excellent company has been adjusted to give Anderson people the opportunity to see this organization again. Mr. Pollock and his company will present an entirely new line of plays and comedies this week, among them being, "Thorus and Orange Blossoms," "Slaves of the Orient," and by request "The Sweetest Girl in Dixie," "Mary Jane's Pa," and "Forty Five Minutes from Broadway," with all the song numbers that made such a hit when George Schann starred in the play. Among the songs will be "Mary was a grand old dame," "So long, Mary," "Only Forty Five Minutes from Broadway," etc.

On Monday night in addition to the play of "Thorus and Orange Blossoms," the feature picture will be "Jim Webb, Senator," and the leading roles will be enacted by King Baggot and Leah Baird. Also a twenty-six piece "Rogers 1847 silver set" will be given away to some one in the audience.

The price of admission to this theatre has been reduced to five and ten cents on account of the changed conditions resultant from the war in Europe. The management of this theatre believe that the people of the city of Anderson having given most liberal patronage to the Bijou when the mills were running full time, and when everyone had plenty, are entitled to the same or better amusement at the lowest possible price when times are dull. Hence the reduction of the price of admission to five cents at the matinee and five and ten cents at the night shows. Among the big features of the week will be "The Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Trey of Hearts."

Money on Call

New York, Sept. 12.—Mercantile paper 7. Sterling exchange steady; for cables, 498.50a499.75; for demand, 498.75a499.

Bar silver 55. Exchanges 2182,345,601; balances \$9,208,960. Exchanges for the week \$856,624,691; balances for the week, \$19,556,180.

Liverpool Cotton

Liverpool, Sept. 12.—Cotton spot quiet; moderate business. Sales none. Imports, 3,626 bales, including 1,148 American.

Chicago Grain

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Rumors that a peace move on the part of Austria was not unlikely, had a bearish effect today on wheat. Despite an early advance, in harmony with quotations at Liverpool, the market here closed heavy at a decline of 2 to 2 1/4 net. Corn wound up with a gain of 1-8 to 7-8c and oats with a rise of 1-8a-1 to 3-8c. In provisions the outcome was a setback ranging from 1c to \$1.50.

New York Cotton

New York, Sept. 12.—There was no fresh development with reference to the liquidation of old contracts on the New York cotton exchange today. Liverpool has adopted the plan of reporting Saturday's spot business on Monday, and there was consequently no ballot for orders in the local market.

Local spot brokers report that domestic mills are still operating only for immediate needs and that prices vary widely in different sections, owing to the absence of any general market. Reports from the dry goods trade indicated rather a better demand in some lines and slight recoveries as reported in the price of print cloths, but cotton yarns are now said to be offering on a basis of 2 cents, or even 7 cents cotton in some cases with buyers waiting for further developments in the raw material situation.

New York, Sept. 12.—Cotton seed oil was weak under renewed liquidations prompted by tenders of 1,800 barrels in September contracts making 33,000 so far and on predictions of large offers of crude oil next week. Closing prices were 8a23 points net lower. Sales 4,906 barrels.

The market closed weak. Spot 57a58; September 67a68; October 67a68; November 67a68; December 66a67; January 66a67; February 65a66; March 62a63.

MARKET REPORT

FINANCES

New York, Sept. 12.—The statement of the average condition of clearing house banks and trust companies for the week shows that the cash reserve increased \$2,064,300, leaving a deficit of \$35,065,000 below legal requirements. The statement follows:

Average Condition. Loans, \$2,162,994,000; increase, \$26,030,000.

Specie, \$820,820,000; increase, \$1,750,000. Legal tenders, \$76,585,000; increase \$1,669,000.

Net deposits, \$1,920,294,000; increase \$10,154,000. Circulation, \$124,516,000; increase \$10,154,000.

Banks cash reserve in vault, \$325,646,000. Trust companies cash reserve in vault, \$6,778,000.

Aggregate cash reserve \$397,424,000. Deficit cash reserve, \$35,065,000. Trust companies reserve with clearing house members carrying 25 per cent cash reserve, \$51,120,000.

Summary of state banks and trust companies in Greater New York, not included in clearing house statement: Loans and investments \$572,547,500; increase, \$2,522,600.

Gold, \$41,547,300; decrease, \$265,900. Currency and bank notes, \$11,185,900; increase \$880,200. Total deposits, \$634,215,000; increase \$5,918,700.

Dry Goods

New York, Sept. 12.—Cotton market goods are steadily weakening as a consequence of the low prices at which cotton is being offered. In the matter of wide print cloths there appears to have been an overdiscouraging of low values and sales have been made this week at increases of one-eighth of a cent a yard for some constructions that were sold very low in the early part of the week. Sheetings that are sold unbranded to the manufacturing trades have dropped appreciably this week and are now in line with the values current for print cloth yarn goods. Fine gray cotton are less active. The very tight money markets are having the effect of restricting operations in many directions and buyers who feel quite confident of some of the values in the markets are unable to operate in a free way. Colored goods of nearly all descriptions continue to hold firm because of the difficulty in getting dyestuffs. Percales were priced for spring on the same basis as the fall quotations, or 6 3/4c for 4x4 6/8. Jobbers in the agricultural sections of the west are doing a good business while trade in the south is poor. Duck is offered at very low prices. Export trade is just beginning to show a little improvement but financial conditions in foreign countries precludes the likelihood of immediate buying in anything but a most restricted way. Prices on cotton goods are quoted as follows:

Print cloths, 28 inch 6x6 1/2, 3 1/4c nominal; 64x60s, 3 1/8c; 38 1/2 inch 64x6 1/2, 4c; brown sheetings, southern standards, 7 1/2c; denims, 9 ounce, 14c; tickings, 8 ounce, 13c; standard prints, 5 1/4c; staple ginghams, 6 1/4c; dress ginghams, 9 1/4c.

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HORRORS OF MODERN WARFARE.

Some Examples of New Weapons and Methods in Use.

Ohio State Journal.

How battle has changed in the past few years. Notice these two items given by a Belgian officer in speaking of the fighting around Liege: German troops rushed on the barbed wire defenses before the forts of Liege in the darkness of night. A very strong current of electricity was being maintained in these wires, and as a result the first ranks of the Germans were killed by electricity.

Unchecked, the assassins followed in masses, but they were blinded by the glare of powerful searchlights. They hesitated and started to retire. At that moment a heavy fire of rifles and artillery was concentrated on the mass of German troops and they were cut to pieces. The mass of bodies formed a mound, in some places many feet high.

Electricity and searchlights coming to the assistance of the musket and cannon! Surely war has become so terrible that civilization can not stand it much longer. Bewildering a soldier by light and electrocuting him on a wire fence in the midst of battle is a spectacle that humanity can not long endure. These are the tortures that will tend to end all war.

Listen for the Bell Monday, September 14th

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Frank & DeCamps Realty Co. PHONE 246

Glenn Springs Hotel GLENN SPRINGS, S. C.

We beg to offer to our friends and patrons of Glenn Springs all the comforts, courtesy and attention that years of practical experience has taught us. Absolutely nothing will be left undone to make you feel that the memories that you carry away of a summer spent at Glenn Springs will always live in your memory as a green spot. Our automobile Passenger Bus with Pneumatic Tires meets the trains at Spartanburg and the ride will only take you thirty minutes to the hotel for one dollar for each passenger. Our automobile baggage truck will give you quick service for fifty cents per trunk.

First Floor rates are \$17.50, single or double. Second Floor Rooms are \$17.50, and \$15.00 per week, also single rooms at the same rate.

J. Geo. Verhauer, Mgr. Stulb & Verhauer, Prop's. GENESTA HOTEL, Augusta, Ga.

Ford THE Ford Times is a magazine devoted to the automobile public in general—and to Ford owners in particular. But some where between its covers will be found something of interest to everyone. It is published monthly by the Ford Motor Company, and—like the Ford car—has a world-wide distribution. It will be mailed free each month to anyone, anywhere, upon request. TODD AUTO SHOP